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DOCTOR STRANGE
YOU ENTERED MY TIME-TRAP ALIVE, SORCERER--
--BUT YOU CAN ONLY LEAVE IT... DEAD!
MALEVOLENT MAGICK IN THE MIGHTY MARVEL MANNER!

Once he was a man like most *others* — a *worldly* man, seduced and jaded by *material* things. But then he discovered the *separate* reality, where *sorcery* and *men's souls* shaped the forces that shape our *lives*. In that instant, he was *born again*, to become a man like *no* other—a man who left us *behind*, as he strove to stand against the unseen subtle perils hovering *thick* and *black* around our fragile existence...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!™

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE IS DARKNESS UPON THE FACE OF THE EARTH...
...THEN, EVER SO FAINTLY, COMES THE SOUND... THE RAGGED RUNNING OF FURTIVE, FRENZIED FEET, POUNDING HARD DOWN UNSEEN PAVEMENT...
...THEN, LABORED BREATHING, AND THE CLANG OF A KICKED CAN OF TRASH...
...AND THEN: LIGHT!
BY SATAN'S SEVEN SINS! HE'S FOUND ME!
THERE'S NO WAY HE COULD DO THAT! NO WAY!
BUT A MAGICIAN KNOWS ALL WAYS, FUGITIVE! JUST ASK:
STEVE ENGLEHART - AUTHOR
GENE COLAN - PENCIL ART
TOM PALMER - INK ART/COLOR
JOHN COSTANZA - CALLIGRAPHY
MARV WOLFMAN - EDITOR
AS THEY BEGIN THE NEWEST SAGA OF THE SORCERER: DR. STRANGE!
UTOPIA RISING!

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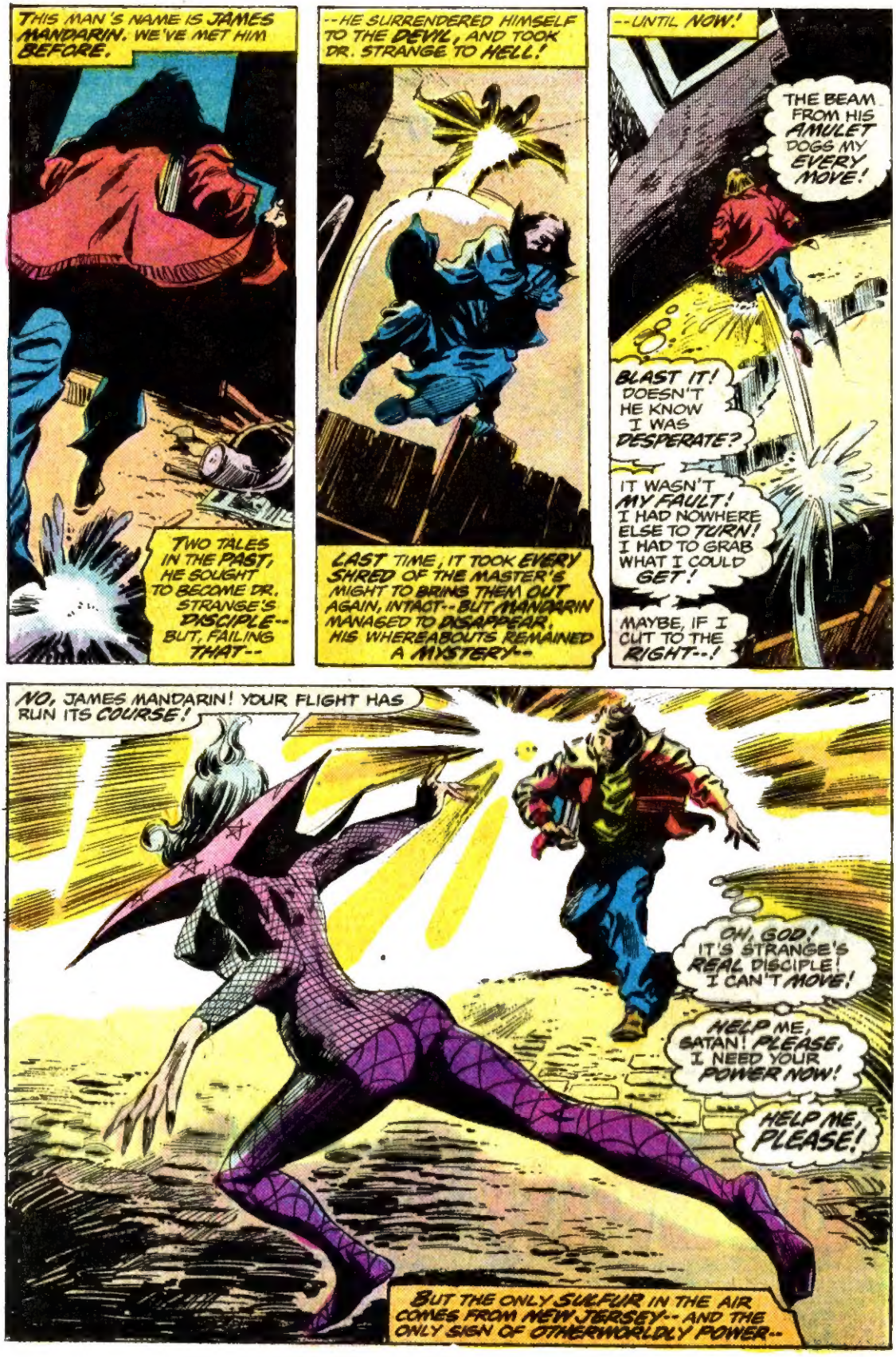
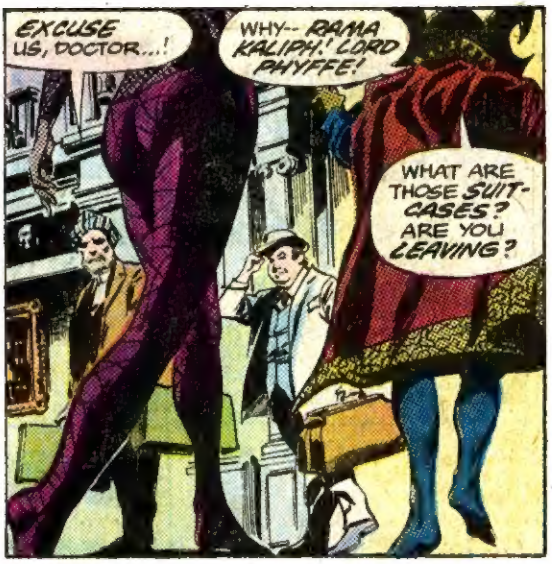

THIS MAN'S NAME IS JAMES MANDARIN. WE'VE MET HIM BEFORE.
TWO TALES IN THE PAST, HE SOUGHT TO BECOME DR. STRANGE'S DISCIPLE-- BUT, FAILING THAT--
--HE SURRENDERED HIMSELF TO THE DEVIL, AND TOOK DR. STRANGE TO HELL!
LAST TIME, IT TOOK EVERY SHRED OF THE MASTER'S MIGHT TO BRING THEM OUT AGAIN, INTACT-- BUT MANDARIN MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR. HIS WHEREABOUTS REMAINED A MYSTERY--
--UNTIL NOW!
THE BEAM FROM HIS AMULET DOGS MY EVERY MOVE!
BLAST IT! DOESN'T HE KNOW I WAS DESPERATE?
IT WASN'T MY FAULT! I HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO TURN! I HAD TO GRAB WHAT I COULD GET!
MAYBE, IF I CUT TO THE RIGHT--!
NO, JAMES MANDARIN! YOUR FLIGHT HAS RUN ITS COURSE!
OH, GOD! IT'S STRANGE'S REAL DISCIPLE! I CAN'T MOVE!
HELP ME, SATAN! PLEASE, I NEED YOUR POWER NOW!
HELP ME, PLEASE!
BUT THE ONLY SULFUR IN THE AIR COMES FROM NEW JERSEY-- AND THE ONLY SIGN OF OTHERWORLDLY POWER--

--IS RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF HIM!
SNAP
THE SOUND IS SLIGHT, BUT THE ANSWER SWIFT!
MANDARIN, YOU'RE A THIEF! DROP THOSE BOOKS!
FINGERS--! HE'S CONTROLLING MY FINGERS!
NOW, THEN--!
SNAP
WH--? WE'RE BACK IN YOUR STUDY!
FROM WHICH YOU STOLE SOME OF MY MOST VALUABLE MYSTICAL TOMES, IN THE TIME IT TOOK CLEA AND ME TO RETURN HERE, AFTER ESCAPING HELL!
BUT--YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO ESCAPE! HE PROMISED ME! WE'D ALL STAY THERE FOREVER-- YOU TO SUFFER, AND ME TO SERVE!
WHEN-- WHEN I SHOWED UP BACK HERE, I PANICKED--!
AND TOOK WHATEVER LOOKED INTRIGUING IN YOUR HOPELESS SEARCH FOR POWER!
N-HOPELESS? WHY HOPELESS?
BECAUSE HE WHO WOULD CONTROL THE DARK FORCES MUST FIRST CONTROL HIMSELF!
YOU HAVE BEEN A GREAT BURDEN TO ME, MANDARIN--!

YOU MUST NEVER BECOME SO AGAIN!
WAIT! NO! N--
AND THEN, THERE WERE TWO.
IN AN HOUR, HE'LL FIND HIMSELF BACK ON BROADWAY, WITH NO MEMORIES OF THE PAST DAY-- OR OF US, CLEA.
HMMM...THAT'S ODD. AMONG THE MORE ARCANE WORKS, HE CHOSE A COPY OF "NEW ATLANTIS."
WHAT IS A... "BICENTENNIAL"?
STEPHEN--?
EH--? WHAT PROMPTS THAT QUESTION?
I AM NOT CERTAIN. THE WORD JUST FLOATED INTO MY THOUGHTS.
BUT I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THE BICENTENNIAL! IT'S THIS COUNTRY'S TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF EXISTENCE--
--AND IT WAS THIS BOOK THAT BROUGHT IT TO MIND!
I WONDER IF YOUR MONTHS OF TRAINING-- YOUR ACTIVITIES AS MY LEGITIMATE DISCIPLE-- ARE BEGINNING TO BEAR FRUIT!
YOU MEAN-- THE ACTIVITIES OF MYSELF-- AND MY FORMER SELF.

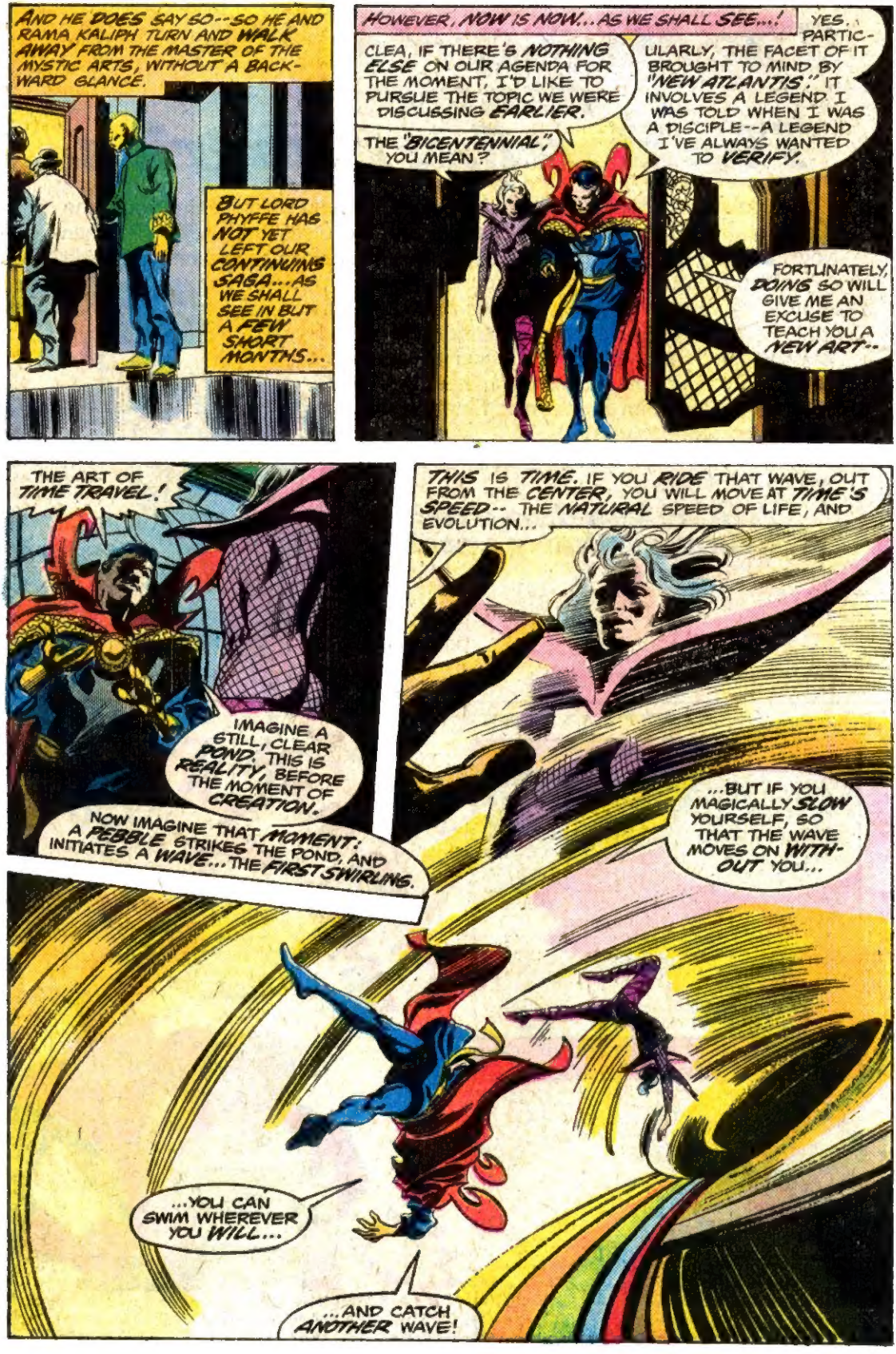
A SUDDEN CHILL SEEMS TO SEIZE THE SORCERER'S SANCTUM...
CLEA... YOU'RE NOT BEGINNING TO BROOD OVER THE END OF... THE WORLD, ARE YOU?
NO, STEPHEN. YOUR EXAMPLE, IN DEFYING SATAN, SHOWED ME THE FOLLY OF SUCH NEGATIVE THINKING.
THE REVELATION OF MY DEATH AND RESURRECTION WAS A SHOCK, TO BE SURE-- BUT IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, I STILL EXIST! THAT IS WHAT MATTERS.
I SHAN'T BREAK AGAIN, I PROMISE. I--

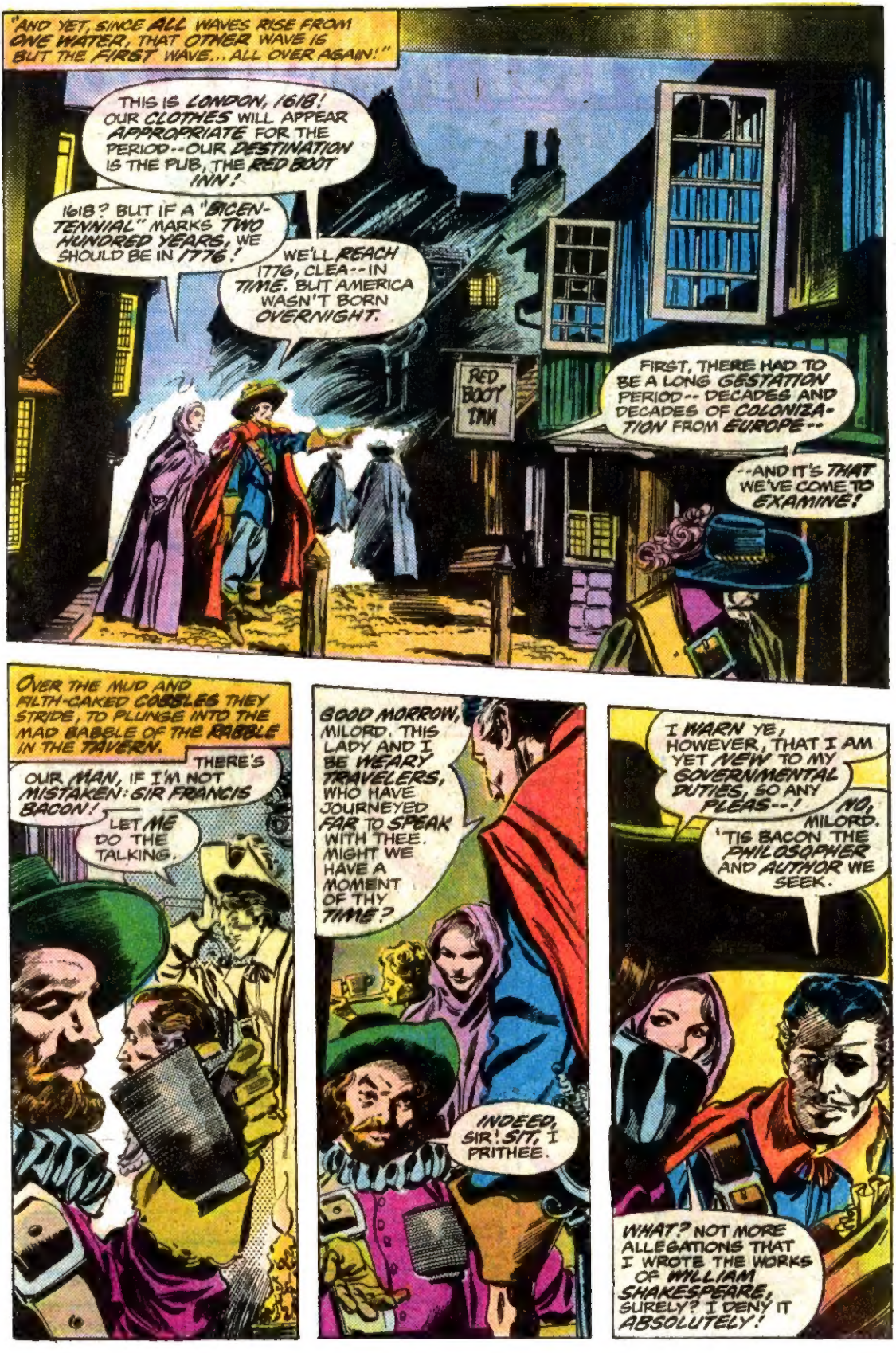

EXCUSE US, DOCTOR...!
WHY-- RAMA KALIPH, LORD PHYFFE!
WHAT ARE THOSE SUITCASES? ARE YOU LEAVING?

I REALIZE I'VE BEEN A LESS-THAN-PERFECT HOST--!
IT'S NOT THAT, MY FRIEND. LORD PHYFFE AND I UNDERSTAND ALL TOO WELL THE DEMANDS ON THE SORCERER SUPREME'S TIME.
NO, IT IS MERELY THAT WE MUST RETURN TO OUR OWN DUTIES.
BUT I'VE NOT YET THANKED YOU PROPERLY FOR ALL YOUR HELP--!
NONSENSE!

IT IS WE WHO SHOULD THANK YOU, DR. STRANGE! WE STAYED HERE WHILE YOU FACED DOWN THE DANGERS! WHATEVER AID WE MAY HAVE RENDERED WAS GLADLY GIVEN!
IF WE-- IF WE SHOULD NEVER MEET AGAIN, PLEASE REMEMBER MY HEARTFELT ADMIRATION FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR WORK!

LORD PHYFFE... YOU SEEM, WELL, PERTURBED ABOUT SOMETHING...
NO, NO! IT'S MERELY THE EXCITEMENT OF RETURNING TO ENGLAND-- MERELY THAT, AND NOTHING MORE.
WELL... IF YOU SAY SO...

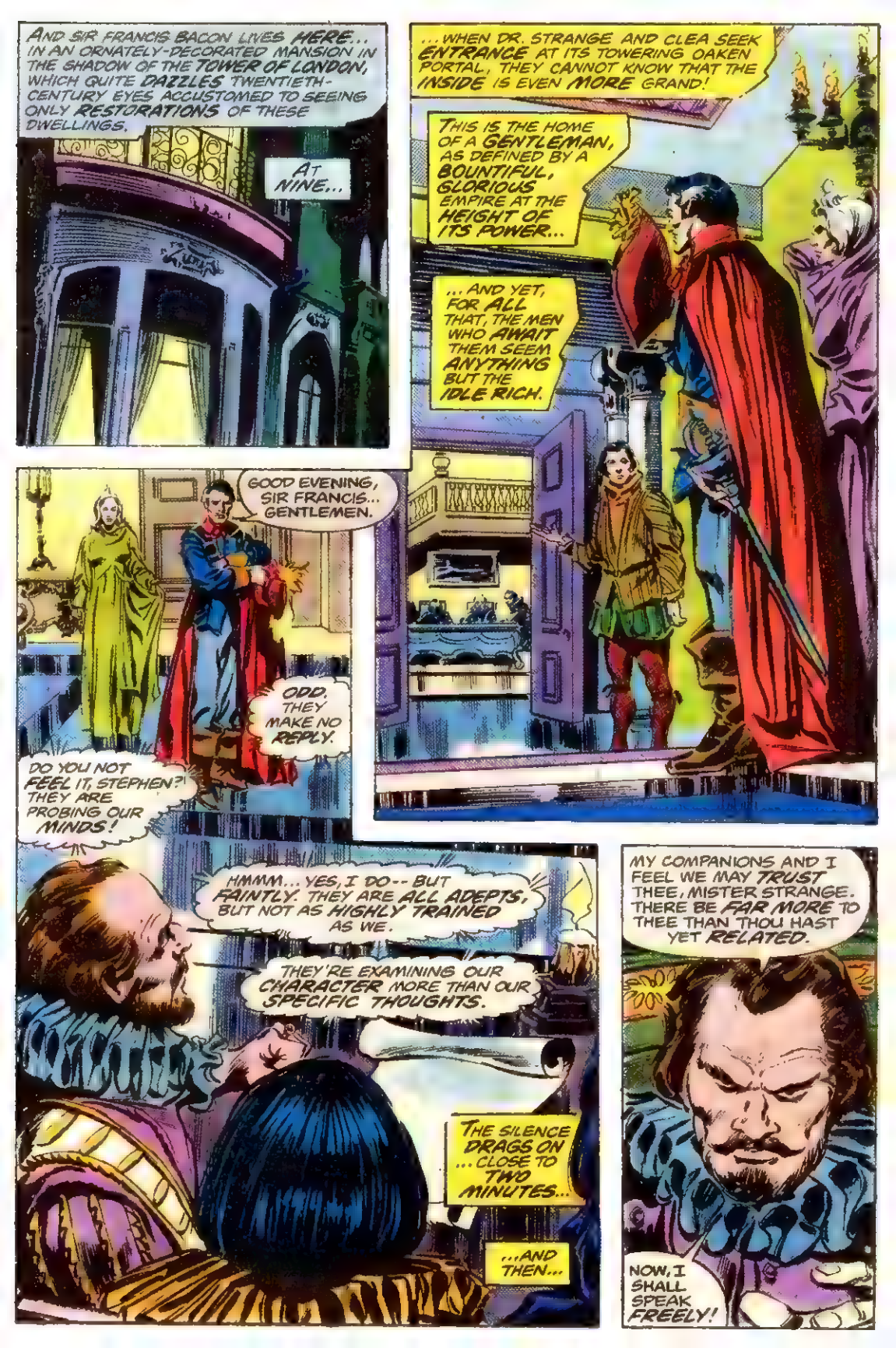

AND HE DOES SAY SO--SO HE AND RAMA KALIPH TURN AND WALK AWAY FROM THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE.
BUT LORD PHYFFE HAS NOT YET LEFT OUR CONTINUING SAGA...AS WE SHALL SEE IN BUT A FEW SHORT MONTHS...
HOWEVER, NOW IS NOW...AS WE SHALL SEE...!
CLEA, IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE ON OUR AGENDA FOR THE MOMENT, I'D LIKE TO PURSUE THE TOPIC WE WERE DISCUSSING EARLIER.
THE "BICENTENNIAL," YOU MEAN?
YES. PARTICULARLY, THE FACET OF IT BROUGHT TO MIND BY "NEW ATLANTIS." IT INVOLVES A LEGEND I WAS TOLD WHEN I WAS A DISCIPLE--A LEGEND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VERIFY.
FORTUNATELY, DOING SO WILL GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO TEACH YOU A NEW ART--
THE ART OF TIME TRAVEL!
IMAGINE A STILL, CLEAR POND. THIS IS REALITY, BEFORE THE MOMENT OF CREATION.
NOW IMAGINE THAT MOMENT: A PEBBLE STRIKES THE POND, AND INITIATES A WAVE...THE FIRST SWIRLING.
THIS IS TIME. IF YOU RIDE THAT WAVE, OUT FROM THE CENTER, YOU WILL MOVE AT TIME'S SPEED-- THE NATURAL SPEED OF LIFE, AND EVOLUTION...
...BUT IF YOU MAGICALLY SLOW YOURSELF, SO THAT THE WAVE MOVES ON WITHOUT YOU...
...YOU CAN SWIM WHEREVER YOU WILL...
...AND CATCH ANOTHER WAVE!


"AND YET, SINCE ALL WAVES RISE FROM ONE WATER, THAT OTHER WAVE IS BUT THE FIRST WAVE... ALL OVER AGAIN!"
THIS IS LONDON, 1618! OUR CLOTHES WILL APPEAR APPROPRIATE FOR THE PERIOD--OUR DESTINATION IS THE PUB, THE RED BOOT INN!
1618? BUT IF A "BICENTENNIAL" MARKS TWO HUNDRED YEARS, WE SHOULD BE IN 1776!
WE'LL REACH 1776, CLEA--IN TIME. BUT AMERICA WASN'T BORN OVERNIGHT.
RED BOOT INN
FIRST, THERE HAD TO BE A LONG GESTATION PERIOD-- DECADES AND DECADES OF COLONIZATION FROM EUROPE--
--AND IT'S THAT WE'VE COME TO EXAMINE!
OVER THE MUD AND FILTH-CAKED COBBLES THEY STRIDE, TO PLUNGE INTO THE MAD BABBLE OF THE RABBLE IN THE TAVERN.
THERE'S OUR MAN, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN: SIR FRANCIS BACON!
LET ME DO THE TALKING.
GOOD MORROW, MILORD. THIS LADY AND I BE WEARY TRAVELERS, WHO HAVE JOURNEYED FAR TO SPEAK WITH THEE. MIGHT WE HAVE A MOMENT OF THY TIME?
INDEED, SIR! SIT, I PRITHEE.
I WARN YE, HOWEVER, THAT I AM YET NEW TO MY GOVERNMENTAL DUTIES, SO ANY PLEAS--!
NO, MILORD. 'TIS BACON THE PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR WE SEEK.
WHAT? NOT MORE ALLEGATIONS THAT I WROTE THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, SURELY? I DENY IT ABSOLUTELY!

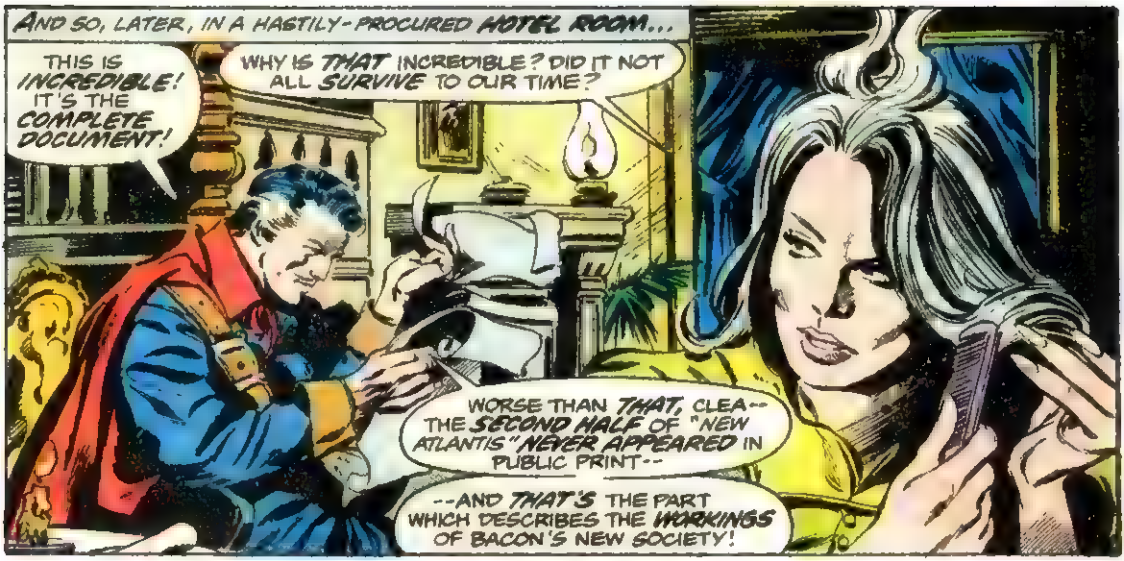
NO, MILORD. ALLEGATIONS --AND CERTAINTIES -- CONCERNING THE COLLEGE OF THE SIX DAYS' WORK.
INDEED?
LET US NOT DISSEMBLE, MILORD. MY NAME IS STRANGE, AND I SEEK A MAN WHO BELIEVES AS STRONGLY AS I IN UTOPIA--
--A MAN WHO I'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE IS THYSELF!
THE LADY AND I STAND WILLING TO MEET WHATEVER EXAMINATION THOU MAYST PROPOSE--
--TO PROVE OUR KNOWLEDGE AND OUR GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO IT!
THOU DOST SPEAK LIKE A WINE-BESOTTED FOOL, MISTER STRANGE. THE DRIFT OF THY SPEECH, THEREFORE, ELUDETH ME ENTIRE.
STILL, THOU SEEMEST A KINDLY SORT, AND THE LADY IS BEAUTIFUL...! COME TO MY HOME AROUND NINE O'CLOCK. MY LITERARY SOCIETY IS DINING WITH ME THEN.
OF COURSE, MILORD.
--AND INAUDIBLE FIVE FEET AWAY--
THE CONVERSATION IS LOW-KEY--NATURAL--
--BUT THEIR VERBAL INTERCOURSE DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED...
A FACT MORE THAN ONE MEMBER OF THE CONVERSATION WILL LIVE TO REGRET...
UNTIL NINE, THEN, MILORD.
STEPHEN, I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS!
JUST A MOMENT LONGER, CLEA! I CANNOT TELEPATH AND TALK AT THE SAME TIME!
GOOD EVENING, SIR... LADY.

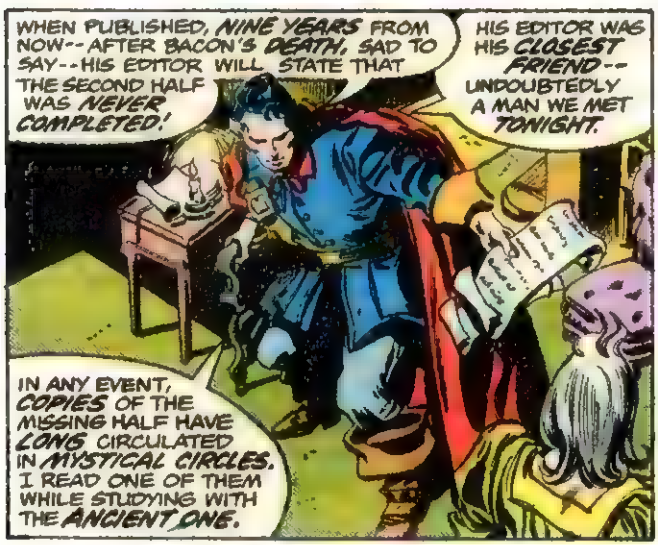
NOW, TELL ME: WHAT IS GOING ON?
THAT MAN, CLEA, IS A GENIUS -- AND LIKE MOST SUCH MEN OF HIS TIME, HE KNOWS THAT WHAT THE EYE PERCEIVES IS BUT THE SURFACE OF REALITY!
YOU AND I, IN THE ERA WE LEFT, FIND SUCH THINGS EASY TO UNDERSTAND, BUT I'VE OFTEN MARVELED THAT MEN OF THIS ERA -- OF ALL ERAS BEFORE FANTASY BECAME A PART OF DAILY LIFE -- COULD COMPREHEND THEM! AND YET, THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MEN WHO KNEW!
IN ANY EVENT, "THE COLLEGE OF THE SIX DAYS' WORK" REFERRED TO WESTERN MYSTICISM'S CONCEPTION OF CREATION. IT MEANS THE STUDY OF THE PRIMAL WONDERS.
"PHILOSOPHY" IS THE MORE COMMON NAME FOR IT.
BACON IS A PHILOSOPHER, AND A MYSTIC. THE TWO ARE NOT DISSIMILAR, THOUGH OUR ERA OFTEN THINKS SO. HE WROTE "NEW ATLANTIS"--
WAIT A MINUTE!
I SENSE IT, TOO, STEPHEN! WE ARE NOT ALONE IN THIS FOG!
SOMEONE IS STALKING US!
AND SUDDENLY, THEIR INTUITION BECOMES FACT!
THEY 'EARD US, BOYS! LET'S 'AVE AT IT!
DORMAMMU'S DEMONS! STEPHEN DREW HIS SWORD LIKE LIGHTNING!
HE HAS HIS SELF-ASSURANCE BACK FOR CERTAIN! *
* AFTER HIS DESCENT INTO HELL. --MARV.

ONE MORE STEP, BLACKGUARDS, AND MY SWORD SHALL RUN RED WITH JUSTICE!
THEY'RE NOT STOPPING! THEN, BY THE OMNISCIENCE OF MY DEPARTED MENTOR, MAY THIS BLADE PRESERVE US!
GAWD! 'IS RUDDY SWORD'S ALMOST ALIVE-- UNNGH!
AIIEE!
I DARE NOT USE MY MAGICKS OPENLY--
--BUT SECRETLY, THEY'LL SERVE ME WELL!
FORTUNATELY, I NEED ONLY WOUND THEM--!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE TENOR OF THIS BATTLE CHANGES!
THAT MAN'S HAND--!
IT WAS GLOWING-- GLOWING WITH A MYSTICAL LIGHT!
HE WAS SIGNALING THEM TO RUN-- BUT THEY'RE NOT ORDINARY THIEVES! THEY'RE MINOR MAGICIANS!
AND THEY KNEW WHO WE WERE!
I FEAR YOUR THOUGHTS, STEPHEN! WE MUST CHASE AFTER THEM!
NO, BELOVED! EVEN OUR HEIGHTENED SENSITIVITIES ARE USELESS IN THE MIDST OF SUCH UNACCUSTOMED SURROUNDINGS!
THEY LIVE HERE. WE DON'T.


AND SIR FRANCIS BACON LIVES HERE... IN AN ORNATELY-DECORATED MANSION IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWER OF LONDON, WHICH QUITE DAZZLES TWENTIETH-CENTURY EYES ACCUSTOMED TO SEEING ONLY RESTORATIONS OF THESE DWELLINGS.
AT NINE...
...WHEN DR. STRANGE AND CLEA SEEK ENTRANCE AT ITS TOWERING OAKEN PORTAL, THEY CANNOT KNOW THAT THE INSIDE IS EVEN MORE GRAND!
THIS IS THE HOME OF A GENTLEMAN, AS DEFINED BY A BOUNTIFUL, GLORIOUS EMPIRE AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS POWER...
...AND YET, FOR ALL THAT, THE MEN WHO AWAIT THEM SEEM ANYTHING BUT THE IDLE RICH.
GOOD EVENING, SIR FRANCIS... GENTLEMEN.
ODD. THEY MAKE NO REPLY.
DO YOU NOT FEEL IT, STEPHEN? THEY ARE PROBING OUR MINDS!
HMMM... YES, I DO -- BUT FAINTLY. THEY ARE ALL ADEPTS, BUT NOT AS HIGHLY TRAINED AS WE.
THEY'RE EXAMINING OUR CHARACTER MORE THAN OUR SPECIFIC THOUGHTS.
THE SILENCE DRAGS ON ...CLOSE TO TWO MINUTES...
...AND THEN...
MY COMPANIONS AND I FEEL WE MAY TRUST THEE, MISTER STRANGE. THERE BE FAR MORE TO THEE THAN THOU HAST YET RELATED.
NOW, I SHALL SPEAK FREELY!

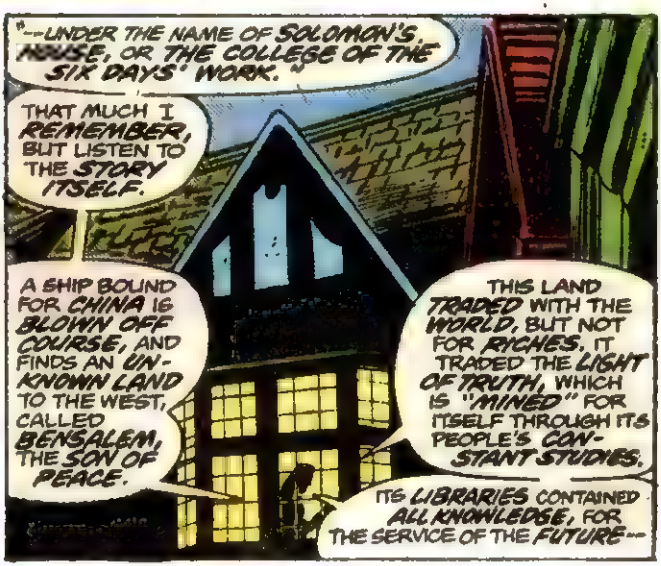
THOU SEEST BEFORE THEE A GROUP OF HUMBLE MEN, GATHERED TOGETHER FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE CONTINENT--FROM FRANCE, GERMANY, THE NETHERLANDS, AS WELL AS ENGLAND--
--MEN WHO GROW WEARY OF THE PETTY FEUDAL STRUGGLES WHICH HAVE ALWAYS RACKED EUROPE'S SOUL, AND THIS DREAM OF A NEW FORM OF SOCIETY--
--A SOCIETY OF FREE MEN, WHERE NEITHER PRINCES NOR PONTIFFS SHALL HOLD SWAY, AND THE GOVERNORS SHALL BE THE GOVERNED!
AMEN!
THAT SOCIETY, DISGRACEFULLY, COULD NOT TAKE ROOT HERE FOR CENTURIES--
--BUT NOW, THERE IS A NEW WORLD, THE AMERICAS--APPEARING AS IF IN ANSWER TO A PRAYER, SO TO SPEAK--
--AND WE ARE RESOLVED THAT THE CHANCE SHALL NOT PASS US BY! WE SHALL SEE THIS UTOPIA RISE FROM THAT VIRGIN SOIL, AND FLOURISH!
SURELY THOU ART AWARE OF MICHEL DE NOSTRE-DAME, BETTER KNOWN TO YOU AS NOSTRADAMUS, THE FAMOUS PROPHET OF MY BELLE FRANCE, MONSIEUR. HE FORSAW THIS NEW WORLD--
--CALLING IT A GREAT CIVILIZATION, WHICH SHALL FREE ITSELF OF OUR OLD WORLD, AND GROW TO A VAST CONTINENT WITH ITS SISTER TO THE NORTH--BEFORE BECOMING A PEACE-MAKER TO THE WORLD ENTIRE!
I DO NOT PROFESS TO UNDERSTAND HIS EVERY WORD, BUT THE INTENT IS PLAIN!
OUI, MONSIEUR. I QUITE AGREE.
AND NOSTRADAMUS WROTE THAT IN THE 1500'S!
MISTER STRANGE, I HAVE COMPOSED A MANUSCRIPT, DETAILING THE NEW SOCIETY WE ENVISION. I CALL IT "NEW ATLANTIS."
WOULDST THOU CARE TO PERUSE IT?
VERY MUCH SO, SIR FRANCIS.
THEN, HERE--STUDY IT AT THY LEISURE.
WHEN THOU RETURNEST, WE MAY DISCUSS THE MATTER MORE FULLY.


AND SO, LATER, IN A HASTILY-PROCURED HOTEL ROOM...
THIS IS INCREDIBLE! IT'S THE COMPLETE DOCUMENT!
WHY IS THAT INCREDIBLE? DID IT NOT ALL SURVIVE TO OUR TIME?
WORSE THAN THAT, CLEA-- THE SECOND HALF OF "NEW ATLANTIS" NEVER APPEARED IN PUBLIC PRINT--
--AND THAT'S THE PART WHICH DESCRIBES THE WORKINGS OF BACON'S NEW SOCIETY!


WHEN PUBLISHED, NINE YEARS FROM NOW--AFTER BACON'S DEATH, SAD TO SAY--HIS EDITOR WILL STATE THAT THE SECOND HALF WAS NEVER COMPLETED!
HIS EDITOR WAS HIS CLOSEST FRIEND-- UNDOUBTEDLY A MAN WE MET TONIGHT.
IN ANY EVENT, COPIES OF THE MISSING HALF HAVE LONG CIRCULATED IN MYSTICAL CIRCLES. I READ ONE OF THEM WHILE STUDYING WITH THE ANCIENT ONE.

ALL RIGHT--BUT I REALLY AM AT A LOSS, NOT BEING AN AMERI-CAN.
WHAT IS "NEW ATLANTIS" ALL ABOUT?

IT'S A FABLE--OR SEEMS TO BE. BACON WANTED, AS HIS EDITOR WROTE--
--TO "EXHIBIT THEREIN A MODEL... OF A COLLEGE, INSTITUTED FOR... THE PRO-DUCING OF GREAT AND MARVELOUS WORKS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MEN--

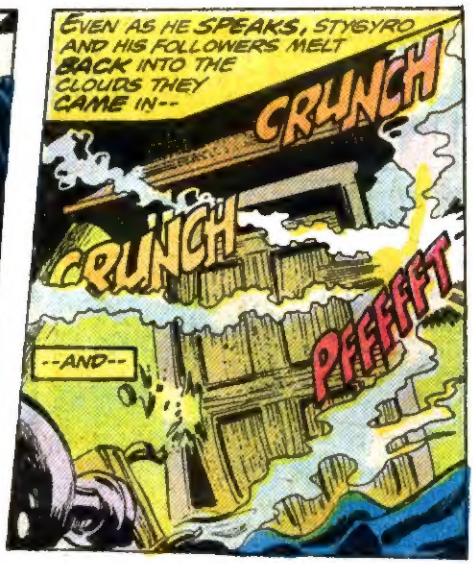

"--UNDER THE NAME OF SOLOMON'S HOUSE, OR THE COLLEGE OF THE SIX DAYS' WORK.
THAT MUCH I REMEMBER, BUT LISTEN TO THE STORY ITSELF.
A SHIP BOUND FOR CHINA IS BLOWN OFF COURSE, AND FINDS AN UN-KNOWN LAND TO THE WEST, CALLED BENSALEM, THE SON OF PEACE.
THIS LAND TRADED WITH THE WORLD, BUT NOT FOR RICHES. IT TRADED THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, WHICH IS "MINED" FOR ITSELF THROUGH ITS PEOPLE'S CON-STANT STUDIES.
ITS LIBRARIES CONTAINED ALL KNOWLEDGE, FOR THE SERVICE OF THE FUTURE--

--AND THE CONTENTS GREW HOURLY. THERE WERE GARDENS FOR THE STUDY OF PLANTS, AND PARKS FOR THE STUDY OF ANIMALS.
THE SENSES OF MAN WERE INVESTIGATED, WITH PERFUMES, SPICES, AND MUSIC. EVEN HIS DECEITS WERE CATALOGUED, SO HE COULD NEVER TURN TO VICE.
ALL CITIZENS WERE EMPLOYED ACCORDING TO THEIR WISHES AND ABILITIES. THEIR MOST REVERED HEROES WERE COLUMBUS, AND THE MAN WHO INVENTED BREAD.
THEIR GOAL WAS SIMPLE: "THE KNOWLEDGE OF CAUSES, AND SECRET MOTIONS OF THINGS; AND THE ENLARGING OF THE BOUNDS OF HUMAN EMPIRE, TO THE EFFECTING OF ALL THINGS POSSIBLE."
STILL, THIS IS, AS YOU SAY, A FABLE.
IT HARDLY DESCRIBES THE AMERICA I HAVE WITNESSED SINCE I ENTERED THIS DIMENSION.
ANYONE CAN WRITE A FABLE. WHAT MAKES BACON'S DREAM SO SPECIAL--?
DEMONS OF DENAK! WHERE IS THAT WIND COMING FROM?
DID I FORGET TO LATCH THE WINDOWS--?
PFFT!
CURSE ME FOR A NOVICE!
I MAY HAVE FREED MYSELF FROM MY SELF-DOUBT, BUT I'M STILL HUMAN! IN MY EXCITEMENT OVER GAINING BACON'S CONFIDENCE--
--I LET THE PROBLEM OF OUR ENEMIES HERE SLIDE--FOR TOO LONG!

ABRUPTLY, SOMETHING FLOWS INTO THE SUDDEN DARKNESS--
I AM STYGYRO, PRINCE OF SORCERERS-- AND THOU ART A THORN IN MY SIDE, DR. STRANGE!
YOU KNOW ME, EH? NO ONE ELSE IN THIS ERA DOES!
--SOMETHING WHICH TAKES ON FORM!
THIS TIME, MY MEN SHALL NOT STRIKE UNAIDED!
THAT SPEAKS OF GREAT POWERS, STYGYRO--BUT YOU MUST KNOW OF MY POWER, IN TURN!
AYE, STRANGE-- I KNOW IT! THEREFORE--
--THOU SHALT HAVE NO CHANCE TO USE IT!
BY THE CRIMSON CRYSTALS OF CYTTORAK! I'VE FACED THIS SORT OF CHALLENGE BEFORE!
I'M THE SORCERER SUPREME OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, BUT HE MUST CLAIM THAT TITLE NOW!

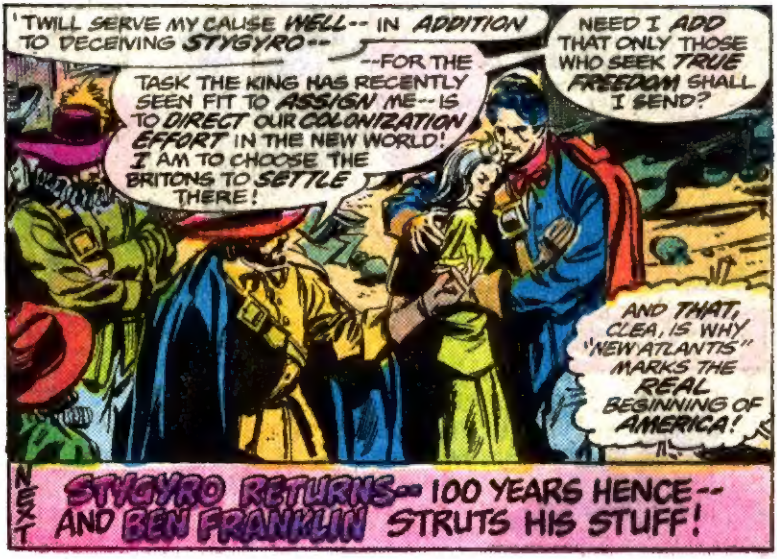
STILL, HE WON'T BE EXPECTING ME TO STRIKE WITH AND THROUGH CLEA!
AS WE ONCE MORE JOIN OUR SOULS--!
BWAM!
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, STRANGE-- OR FOUR!
UP, MY LADS--
--AND ATTACK!
BURSTING THROUGH--!
BUT I'LL NOT FALL BEFORE THE LIKES OF THEM-- AND WHATEVER HAPPENS--
HALT! YOU CAN-NOT PASS--
--THE SHIELD OF THE SERA-PHIM!
--I'LL KEEP HOLD OF THE MANUSCRIP--
NO! THEIR COMBINED FORCE IS TOO MUCH--!
RRRIP

THUMP THUMP THUMP
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
BY THE HORDES OF UMAR! THAT BE BACON'S VOICE!
COME, LADS-- WE'VE NO NEED TO REMAIN! WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR!



BUT THINE ESSAY, SIR FRANCIS--!
BE AT EASE, SIR. FOR I WISHED MINE ENEMIES TO BELIEVE THEMSELVES SUCCESSFUL!
WHAT?
AYE, MY FRIEND-- I USED THEE--

--MOST SHAMELESSLY. I NEVER INTEND TO PUBLISH "NEW ATLANTIS" IN ITS ENTIRETY!
LET EVERYONE BELIEVE IT PARTLY LOST, TO FAN INTEREST IN ITS UNANSWERED MYSTERIES!


'TWILL SERVE MY CAUSE WELL-- IN ADDITION TO DECEIVING STYGYRO--
--FOR THE TASK THE KING HAS RECENTLY SEEN FIT TO ASSIGN ME-- IS TO DIRECT OUR COLONIZATION EFFORT IN THE NEW WORLD! I AM TO CHOOSE THE BRITONS TO SETTLE THERE!
NEED I ADD THAT ONLY THOSE WHO SEEK TRUE FREEDOM SHALL I SEND?
AND THAT, CLEA, IS WHY "NEW ATLANTIS" MARKS THE REAL BEGINNING OF AMERICA!

NEXT STYGYRO RETURNS-- AND BEN FRANKLIN 100 YEARS HENCE-- STRUTS HIS STUFF!